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Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Angst, Child Abuse, Haircuts, Homophobic Language, Hurt/Comfort, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Non-Consensual Haircuts

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Susan Mayfield

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: In-Progress

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Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 611

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove gets a haircut. Angst ensues.

Ever since that night that Max stole the Camaro, Neil had become increasingly smothering with his cruelty. The only scraps of freedom Billy had left were the luxury to decorate his body with whatever he chooses, and access to a trusty getaway car. So that afternoon, when his father declared that Susan would be cutting his hair because he “Can’t have his son looking like a fucking queer, or he’s never gonna have a chance keeping a respectable job”, Billy was filled with an overwhelming feeling of dread.

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Author's Note:

Hey y'all! This is my first fic and I'm so pumped to be putting up on this legendary hellhole! It's a short one, but boy is it angsty. Part II will be up asap! Enjoy <3!!

Ever since that night that Max stole the Camaro, Neil had become increasingly smothering with his cruelty. The only scraps of freedom Billy had left were the luxury to decorate his body with whatever he chooses, and access to a trusty getaway car. So that afternoon, when his father declared that Susan would be cutting his hair because he "Can't have his son looking like a fucking queer, or he's never gonna have a chance keeping a respectable job", Billy was filled with an overwhelming feeling of dread.

There wasn't a doubt in Billy's mind that it was meant to be punishment; if he doesn't tighten Max's leash, then it's his leash that will be yanked till he's choking. It was a sickeningly simple game of push and pull, but that's just the way things were, and always had been. Put a toe out of line in the Hargrove household, and the reigns will be shortened. Stay quiet, keep your head down, you might just make it out unscathed.

Susan called his name from the bathroom, but he could barely hear it; he felt like he was under water, everything looked blurry and distorted, the weight and sheer density of the atmosphere dragging him down. Billy made his way towards the bathroom numbly, disapproving eyes following his every, waterlogged move.

When he stopped in the doorway and looked at her blankly, Susan patted the stool she has set up for him in front of the mirror. A heavy sigh escaped his lips as he walked over and sat down gingerly. She immediately got down to work.

Billy watched as the silent defiance that he'd built up carefully over the years fell gently to the floor, snip by agonizing snip. He felt like he had been sitting there for ages, his head getting lighter, but his

heart growing heavier. When she was done she tapped his shoulders lightly, to get his attention. He looked in the mirror.

Billy fought back the urge to cry. He didn't even care that the dumb bitch is watching, pretending to be eager for his approval. Instead, he muttered out a quiet "thanks" through clenched teeth. Susan flashes one of her plastic smiles, the kind that are all teeth but clash with her uncaring eyes that just scream "You're not my son". Not wasting a second more, she disappears through the door. "You're welcome."

As soon as the latch clicked shut, Billy grabbed the counter in front of him and tried to steady his weakening knees. It felt icily cool against his sweaty palms. His resolve quickly crumbled and tears began to stream freely down his face. A quiet sob shook his hunched form.

He wanted to scream. He wanted to throw up.

When he looked in that damned mirror, he saw his father staring back at him.

He watched blankly as a tear hit the yellowed porcelain sink. Slowly, Billy raised his eyes until he could meet his gaze in the mirror once more. That son of a bitch.

He couldn't let him win, not this time. Neil Hargrove had knocked him down time and again, but this is where Billy drew the line. It was time to take control of his own goddamn life for once. So he did the only thing he still could.

He slid his hand into the pocket of his jean jacket and pulled out a small pocket knife. With a flick of his thumb, the minuscule blade popped out, glinting sharply from the bathroom light. With his other hand, he parted out a fair sized chunk of his remaining hair and began to saw at it vigorously.